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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1915.

Life is too short for hating.

Beware of the Wiles of the Liquor Interests OPPONENTS of local option are doing their best to divide the forces in favor of it in order to defeat the reform. They are raising the issue of town or borough option against county option, as though that were of any consequence at the present time, in comparison with the principle itself.

It will be easy enough in the future to amend a county option law in whatever way experience shows to be wise, provided we have the law to amend. The thing to do now is to pass an act giving to the people of the counties the right to decide whether liquor is to be sold or not. More local optionists favor this plan than any other, and it is a plan which is more pleasing to the Statewide prohibitionists than one which provides for option in a smaller unit.

There never will be universal agreement on the most suitable unit, and if the General Assembly waits until the friends of local option all say that the borough, or the township, or the city, or the county ought to be the political division to exercise the option for itself, it will wait forever. But a canvass of the two houses of the General Assembly at the present time indicates that if all the friends of the principle of local option bring pressure to bear, an act can be passed this winter which will relieve the Common Pleas Judges of the unsuitable function of deciding whether liquor shall be sold in a community or not, and will put the whole question up to the countles. The liquor forces are cunning, and they will prevent this union of the temperance people if pos-But every advocate of temperance should refuse to play into the hands of the

## A Nickel's Value in Transportation

THE Connelly-Seger-Costello transit program gives no guarantee whatever of the abolition of exchange tickets or a universal five-cent fare.

The Taylor plan provides for both, and for such comprehensive facilities that a universal five-cent fare means what it saystransportation from any part of the city to any other part for a nickel.

# The Governor Cuts Out the Graft

THE Governor has made a good beginning by cutting \$98,800 from the general deficlency bill of \$575,127. More than half of this sum was taken from the appropriations for extra officers in the Senate and the House of Representatives; and the greater part of the balance was from the allowance for contingent expenses of various departments. He even reduced the appropriation for the Executive Mansion by \$1000.

This is the kind of economy to practice with the public funds. If Doctor Brumbaugh keeps it up and holds the General Assembly down to a prudent husbanding of the financial resources of the Commonwealth, in big matters as well as in small ones, he will have all the money needed for highway improvement as well as for the ordinary purposes of government.

But the Governor has not stopped with cutting down the appropriations. He has vetoed a bill providing for additional employes in the General Assembly. The present number is large enough for all reasonable needs of the service. Of course, the politiclans are not satisfied. They are anxious to find places for their followers, on the theory that government exists for the benefit of the officeholders. If we are to have in Harrisburg for a while a government for the benefit of the people we may be able to get accustomed

# Relief Is Almost in Sight

DRESENT indications point to a breathing spell for business. Congress is taking up the appropriation bills and planning to continue the old appropriations for such departments as cannot be provided for before March 4, and the President himself is making arrangements to take a needed rest by crossing the continent to see the Panama-Pacific Fair in San Francisco.

This is a wiser course, both for him and for Congress, than to do any more legislating. The country has started on the upward road to presperity after a long period of business depression. If business is let alone, the progress will be more rapid, and the Administration will get whatever benefit is to be derived from better times. Prosperity is a plant to be nourished by Mr. Wilson and his friends with the greatest care for the next 20 months. for without it he will not have the slightest chance of re-election. The abandonment of the extra-session plan, if it has really been shandened, indicates that some one in Washington has a little political wisdom.

# How Clothes Become Charming

A WOMAN'S hat, considered apart from its wearer, cannot be considered beautiful. Of course, there are acceptions, but imagine an irregular shaped bucket of straw, or stlitened cambrio and wire, covered with ellis or vehicle and adorned with a contraption which looks like a gigantic darning egg on a stick, or some other impossible thing, and you have a typical headcovering of a woman. It is not like anything in the become above, on the earth beneath or in the mage under the surth. Yet, put this conline yes, enutortion is the right wordthis confection on the head of a woman A in in transfermed into comething of our-

the name roll applies by comin and drawers. minute to all the parments introduct to I make own phresh

be seen outside of the boudoin. Even to pantelettes! And they say that these garments of our grandmothers, or great-grandmothers, are coming into fashion again. The Kate Greenaway children wore them, and the twinkling feet that glittered along the walks, fanned by the little frills and embrolderies, were a delight to the eye. When the older maids don them this spring they will be provocative of similar pleasure, not on account of their beauty, but on account of the wearers. It matters not what the women put on, they transform it into something wonderfully interesting. The law of life seems to be, therefore, not that women are made charming by their clothes, but that the clothes borrow a beauty and a fascination from the charm of the women who wear

The Connelly Kind of Economy

R. CONNELLY says that it is the duty of MR. CONNELLY. Barrier Councilmen to conserve the city's funds and see that no money is wasted. That is why, no doubt, he advocates building an elevated road through three miles of farming territory instead of in the city where it is needed.

## No Profit in a "Hide-it" Policy

FEW ORLEANS was for years a victim of the "hide-it" disease. "Hush it up" was the slogan if a case of yellow fever appeared, or anything else which merchants imagined would hurt their business.

In 1905 the yellow plague settled on the Italian district. Not a word about it anywhere. Traffic continued as usual. Visitors came and went Business moved along. So did the yellow fever. At last it could not be hidden. The news was whispered in the clubs, then on the streets, and finally the newspapers were compelled to publish the facts. Then came the great epidemic, great not on account of the number of deaths, but because it removed forever the bogey of the Gulf Coast. That was the summer that science fought the mosquito, the deadly stegomyla, and drove it out of town. It was a magnificent victory.

But did the territory about New Orleans believe it when the announcement was made that the epidemic was over? Not a bit of it. "They lied before and they are lying yet!" was the verdict. The hinterland was afraid. Concealment had done New Orleans more harm than the fever itself. It required months to re-establish confidence. The 'hide-it" policy had a calamitous aftermath. Would New Orleans hide yellow fever now? Not a bit of it. More likely the discovery of a case would be put on the first pages of the newspapers as a warning to citizens and a pledge to the rest of the world that the city was square and aboveboard. New Orleans has learned by bitter experience that publicity does not kill, but cures,

There is unemployment in Philadelphia. The way out is to recognize the fact and remedy the conditions. The city that takes care of its own need never be afraid that workmen or business will avoid it.

### Shall Pie Crust Be Sewed or Nailed?

CONNECTICUT, which acquired an early and perhaps premature and unwarranted fame through the wooden nutmeg, has once more been thrust upon the centre of the stage through the wonders of her homemade condiments. It is pie this time, and, of course, every one knows that ples are condiments. Charles E. Boylan, a ple lover of Tennessee, bought a triangle of cherry pastry in James Carson Jones' restaurant in Memphis, and at the first bite broke a tooth on one of the nails in the crust. He was naturally surprised. Indeed, astonishment and wonder almost made him insensible to his dentificial loss. But he recovered, and is now seeking consolatory damages from the New England company which produced the nalled

The ordinary cook books, through some neglect to cover all contingencies, do not yet recommend that the crusts of ples shall be held together with nalls. A moment's reflection, however, is enough to convince one that nothing more effective than nails could be found for the ples with leather crusts such as brides make. A sewed or a pegged crust has its merits, but the "waxed end" used in shoe soles would give an unpleasant flavor to the pastry, and pegs are so difficult to obtain in these days of machine-made shoes, that only the rich could afford to indulge in luxury of pegged ples. The Connecticut company has really hit upon the best system. Wire nails, properly clinched on the under side, will hold the sole to the upper so tightly that New England ples may be sent with perfect safety not only to Memphis, but even as far as Vicksburg.

# Injection of Morality Into the Electorate

DOLITICIANS do not really believe that women are constitutionally incapable of the judgment required of voters. What they actually fear is that the feminine body incorporated in the electorate would refuse to be led by the nose. That is what has happened in States that have tried the experiment. Imagine more than a modicum of women rushing to the polls to vote for some manikin because he was properly branded with a party iron. Is he clean and straight and fair and square? That is a woman's question and one which she never has any very great difficulty in answering correctly.

The Austrians, awfully arrayed, are once more belching bombs on bellicose Belgrade.

The seat of government has been moved to St. Lucie, without the formallty of an ordinance of Councils.

Who was it that said, "I care not who passes the ordinances for the city so long as I can write them?"

If only 2900 British soldiers have earned promotion in France then the English mothers underestimate the merit of their sons.

Now that it has been demonstrated that the acoustic properties of the Yaje Bowl are excellent, the college yell can be given there with full assurance that it will be heard.

When that lost dog returned to his home in North Broad street, after an advertisement for him had been printed in the papers, he showed more than human intelligence. He knew enough to go home when he was

The Paris Temps wishes it to be understood that it is a longer way to peace than to Tipperary. Its statistician has figured out that between 1496 B. C. and 1861 A. D. there have been only 227 years of peace and 3136 years of war.

Count Doyle, who is regretting in the cable dispatches that he suggested the blockade of England by submarines in one of his stories will soop outrival Bernard Shaw se "a hardand and experienced advertiser," to use

## SUCCESS IS NOT FOR THE DRIFTERS

Richard Trevithick's Life Was One of Perpetual Promise and Repeated Failure-Cecil Rhodes and Alfried Krupp Never Dodged Difficulties.

### By JOSEPH H. ODELL

TWO things are fatal to success-vacilla-Ltion and drifting. John Sherman, in a letter to a young man who believed himself to be a failure, said, "No ship ever reached its port by sailing for a dozen other ports at the same time." "There is a limit," said Gladstone, "to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain. He is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; he is wiser who, from among the things he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best." Cecil Rhodes, the South African millionaire and statesman, said, "It took me 15 years to get my first mine, but I got it. Though my boat may have been slow in the race, I knew exactly what I was starting for."

Edward Emerson Barnard began life as a photographer's boy, his work being to sit upon a roof and watch the exposure of photographic plates. While thus engaged his thoughts were upon the sky and thestars, and he determined to know all about them. Alone and unaided he struggled through such books as he could get upon astronomy, studied and mastered mathematics, scrimped and saved until able to purchase a small telescope, and finally, so great was his ambition, he worked his way through Vanderbilt University. Nothing swerved or daunted him, rebuffs from prominent astronomers who thought him only a precoclous boy did not dishearten him, apparently insurmountable difficulties only served to stimulate his determination. He was graduated from the university in 1886, and in less than 20 years found himself one of the foremost of the world's astronomers, the discoverer of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, and the recorder of more comets than any other living man

### Atlantic Cable Took Time

Such well-directed effort is bound to win fame, or power, or wealth, or whatever other goal the worker has set before him. Field spent 13 years in laying the Atlantic cable; Webster gave 36 years to the compilation of his dictionary; Bancroft devoted 26 years to the writing of his "History of the United States": it took James Watt 30 years to bring his condensing engine to perfection. There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them with patience," said La Bruyere.

John B. Herreshoff, the designer of the invincible yachts which have held the coveted 'Challenge Cup" on the American side of the Atlantic, was born blind. While still a boy he determined not to let the terrible affiletion cheat him out of a successful life. He would not allow it even to handicap him. The business he chose seems the last one that a blind man should attempt. At the age of 11 he was learning the lines of a boat by the sense of touch. Soon afterward he began to make models. He quickly learned to select material by running his hand over it, and a defective beam or plank never escaped detection. Beginning in a modest way, he made rowboats and salling craft of small and simple pattern. He laid it down as a rule never to excuse himself, never to give way to a difficulty, never to accept a problem as insoluble, but to think and work until every obstacle was overcome.

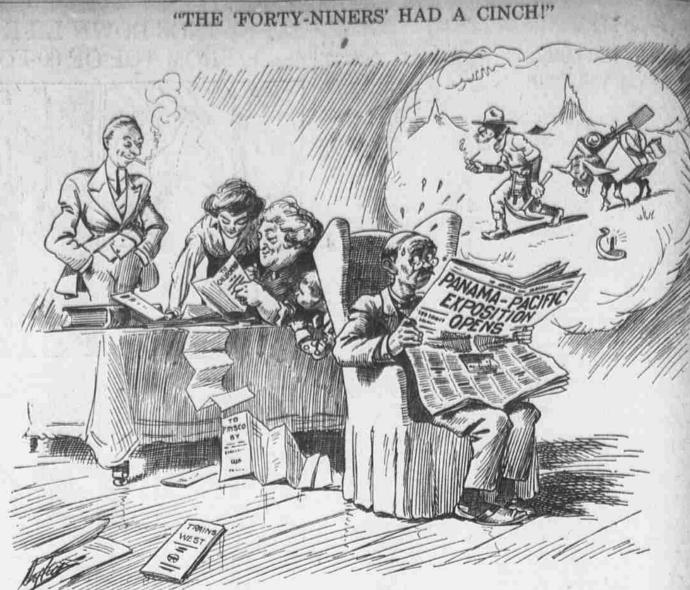
Nothing worthy can be accomplished by the man who simply drifts. Thousands of life-failures may be thus accounted for every year-the men who never decide, only drift. They were born into the world without any conscious effort on their own part, and they wish to continue to the end with just as much ease. So they dodge difficulties and evade responsibilities; nothing is so distasteful to them as the act of decision, or so irksome as sustained application. They drift into school and out again; they drift into the occupation that presents the fewest initial difficulties; they drift from job to job, from city to city; they drift from pleasure to pleasure, from meal to meal, from drink to drink, from sleep to sleep. And most of them are languidly cursing the Creator and the constitution of the universe because things were not so ordered that they could drift into fame, or wealth, or honor, or

# Trevithick's Futile Brilliancy

No more striking illustration of failure as the result of lack of persistence and concentration can be found than that of Richard Trevithick. Trevithick was born in Cornwall, England, just ten years before George Stephenson. In early years he drifted about the mines, refusing to go to school, and thus lost the discipline which application to study gives to the will as well as to the brain. As he grew up he developed a most original mind, great mechanical skill and a fitful kind of industry. He preceded many well-known inventors by his novel plans and constructions, and showed a fertility in many lines of engineering that was truly marvelous. He improved the Watt engine by doing away with the condenser and introducing a simple and economical high-pressure system. He also used for the first time a cylindrical wrought-iron boiler.

In 1803 Trevithick constructed the first steam carriage and ran it successfully on road for 90 miles. He then took it to London, and won the admiration of Sir Humphry Davy and other distinguished scientists. But for some unknown reason he developed the scheme no further, broke up the engine and returned to Cornwall to resume ordinary mine engineering. Later he built another engine, which was really the first of all railroad locomotives. Its cylinder was 4% inches in diameter, and was placed horizontally. big flywheel was geared through intermediates to the four propelling wheels, which were smooth-rimmed. It ran on iron rails, and under 40 pounds steam pressure made 514 miles an hour drawing heavy loads, and was in every way an astounding success. But he grow tired of struggling with the difficulties of a pioneer and drifted back to the familiar and easy life of general engineering.

In 1806 Trevithick undertook to ballast all ships leaving London by lifting mud from the bottom of the Thames with bucketmachines. Two years later he invented a means of discharging cargoes by machinery; and in 1809 he took out patents for constructing armored vessels by means of wrought iron plates. About the same time he organized a company for tunueling the Thames in the busiest part of London, but, after excavating 1100 feet, difficulties discouraged him and he gave up the project. This was followed by experiments in strangstilp emetricular, and his patents specify and describe, among other marvelous things,



our modern screw propeller. Later he built a number of engines for pumping out abandoned sliver mines in Peru, but the enterprise failed and he was left ragged and penniless in South America.

In spite of all these brilliant beginnings Trevithick's life is a record of missed possibilities, the story of failure through lack of patient persistence. One of his biographers speaks of this feature as "a trait of character that in the end rulned his life and deprived him of the honors and rewards that might have been his desert." He died in 1833 so deeply in debt that he was burled by subscription raised among the men who had worked for him, and not even a simple slab marks the resting place of the vacillating man of ability. Nearly every one of his projects was subsequently carried out successfully by some one clse.

### The Rise of Alfried Krupp

Set over against that story is the success of Alfried Krupp. Dwight Goddard says that "extraordinary application and dogged perseverance explain the success of Alfried Krupp. Many a life of promise has come to nothing from scattering its forces. Alfried Krupp surpassed expectations by concentration and perseverance." When Alfried was 4 years old his father died, leaving as an nheritance a forge, a laborer's cottage, and the secret of making steel. The boy went to work immediately, impelled by a vow to succeed where his father had failed. "For 25 years he worked unremittingly, by daylight at the anvil and forge, by lamplight at his accounts and books. For years he could hardly pay the wages of his men, let alone any profit for himself. After 25 years the clouds of care began to lift, and henceforth success came in almost geometric progression the marvel of the world.'

In 1826 when Krupp began his work he had two helpers but no tools. These he had to make himself. In 1832 he had ten workmen: in 1845, 122; in 1876, 50 years after his discouraging start, the Krupp works at Essen employed 25,000 men. How many there are today no one knows, but to the Krupps must be attributed most of the marvelous equipment of the present German army; in fact, it has been freely said that the armed power of Germany could not have been but for the dogged perseverance and courage of Alfried Krupp.

### ONE VIEW OF CHILD LABOR To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-There seems to be a great agitation at the present day in regard to child labor. Nevertheless, this law is causing great hardship upon persons with large families, making it often necessary for boys to start at an early age to nelp to support their mothers and other little children, otherwise dependent upon the uncertainty of charity.

To start work in early life will harm no one My father, who is \$5 years old, started into work at the age of 12 years. He was so little he had to stand on boxes, and there are thousands of people today well up in years who can say the same, especially when it takes some years to learn and be master of a trade.

Yet Governor Brumbaugh, in his inaugural address, advocates that persons not be allowed to work under 16 years, but go to school. Edu-cation in our present day for many positions is almost secondary. We have known graduates from high school and college finally as a motorman or conductor on a trolley car or chauffeur. \* \* \* There are other things. such as smoking cigarettes and other that are undermining the health and growth of our children, and not work. DAILY READER.

Swarthmore, February 18.

#### STILL FOR THE TAYLOR PLAN To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-The Councilmen will realize what they have done next November. I am a Republican, but, at the same time, I'll pledge that my vote will not go to the Organization at the next election and that I will never vote for a Coun-cilman that's now in office. Business men have spoken this way to me also, as well as the workingmen. The people are still in con-trol of this Government, and McNichol, Vare and Connelly, though they feel that they city, will realize that they are far in the background

We are fighting hard for the Taylor plan and we dare not let up. The idea of a few men to dare have the audacity to tell the people of Philadelphia they can't have what they want and demand! New York has \$150,000,000 invested in rapid transit, and is still improving in those lines, and l'hiladelphia—no wonder it's ridiculed when we have such worthy representatives. Wake up citizens; keep wide awake. \* \* \* Philadelphia, February 19. STANLEY.

### VALUE OF TABERNACLE SERMONS To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir-Since the Sunday campaign I have bought two Larousas a day, and after reading the morning Larousa, have sent it to a college in Ohio, where it is read by the students. Eternity alone can tell the good you are doing to this and other communities by publishing Mr. Sunday's sermons, and the more complete you publish them the better your splending paper will be appreciated by multitudes of readers who are not prajudiced against the kinds and the great good now being done. the great good now being done. C. CLAY GREEN.

Fulledsichie, February 18,

# THRILLS IN WAR AND WORDS

There Is Some Humor Left in Incidents of Battlefields and Some of Poetry's Very Stuff, But Efficiency Has Knocked the Spirit Out of Romance.

### By WARREN BARTON BLAKE

OUR idea of a good occasion for emotional thrills," writes the editor of a popular magazine, "is the British soldiers moving by night and silently entraining, crossing the channel and marching into France for the first time in 100 years. If there is any poetry left in Kipling, wo ought to have it now." This was before Mr. Kipling had written the spirited doggerel which contains the line, "The Hun is at the Gate"lively lines, yet, however lively, less stridently jingoistic than some of what has gone before-since in fact as well as poetry

#### There's nothing left today But steel and fire and woe

We read that penny reprints of Kipling's "For All We Have and Are" have s.ld like bread on the streets of London. But it is time to ask ourselves the question, What is the world war doing for literature?

The glorious days of the war correspondent are ancient history now; during the Russo-Japanese war he scarcely had a look-in, and his status has not improved since then. And yet-and yet there is the splendid feat of the correspondent of the London Express (I have seen it heralded nowhere save in the headlines of that journal):

#### AUSTRIAN WARSHIP SUNK By J. A. Sinclair Pooley Express Correspondent

-But not all war correspondents are Pooleys

-fortunately for the Teutons' navles. War plays are another matter-but neither Barrie's play about "Der Tag" nor any of the other dramas that have so promptly come from patriotic pens reward one's reading. Verse is another matter, too; poets don't need to reach the front to write good verse, nor do they need to tremble lest the words, "Deleted by the Censor," replace their purplest patches. And Britain's poets have been mobilized-mobilized as one man, from Maurice Hewlett to popular Harold Begble. from William Watson to the Poet Laureate, they have all fired their shots-and their shots have found no echo overseas. Verily, verily is this a war of machines-and only Kipling and some of our extreme modernists can hear the music of machines. Less verse has been perpetrated by Frenchmen than by Englishmen so far-and though the French verse may be medlocre, it is at least medi-

# Surely Young

"There is an appalling soullessness about it, and that is savagely unhuman," writes the London Mail's correspondent. "Men turn handles, and death files out in large bundles," And yet even this war, conceived and executed in inhumanity, has its emotional thrills. There is humor in the incident of the wounded German officer's notebook in which he had jotted down French phrases that he was evidently memorizing for future repetition-much as a dyspeptic might turn to a cook book for courage to survive his regimen of broth and rice pudding. "Give me three chickens"; "I want two bottles of champagne"; "Three bottles of very old burgundy"; "Give me some of your best cognac"; "How can I reach the Moulin Rouge" One sympathizes with the young officer-why is it that one is sure that he is young?-yes, even though one may rejoice that he isn't marching into Paris with his corps. One can imagine John Massfield, who has already achieved his "August, 1914," writing a grimly humorous set of verses round this young German's disappointment-a hospital prisoner instead of a roysterer on the houlevards! But there are other incidents, less humorous, more moving.

Some of them concern the airmen; the bomb-throwers careless of the lives below them; the men in their machines careless of their own lives. There is Jules Vedrines, who in three days sent to earth two German Taubes. In times of peace D'Annunzio and Rostand have been thrilled by air flights, and have made poetry out of their thrilling. What should they not find to write of duels at a height of 7000 feet? But the most heroic of all the actions in the air have been those of a French and a Russian aviator-the one on the Franco-Belgian frontier, the other on the line between Russia and Galicia. But here is the newspaperman's matter-of-fact account:

Captain Hesteroff, the first Russian aviator to "loop the loop," was returning from an aeria recommissince when he saw an Austrian sero-plane hovering over the Russian forces, pre-sumably with the intention of dropping bombs The Russian impodintely changed the direction of the machine and herded straight for that of the America at tall appeal. The force of the impact caused the goldenes of both

This prose is not poetry, indeed, but it is poetry's very stuff. There is courage enough and to spare in

this war; the Highlanders who drop behind their fellows to blow up the bridge over which they have just passed (an action morally certain to be followed by their own death); the men in planes, safe from the rifles of the enemy only at a mile and a quarter in the air; the Belgian hello girl who stuck to her switchboard and reported to the officers in the field just how their shells were falling-till she was discovered by a German shell herself; the nervy Tommies who nickname German howitzer shells "Jack Johnsons," because, on impact, they send up thick columns of greasy black smoke-oh, they are heroes just as much as Napoleon's grenadiers were heroes, or the men of Pickett's charge, or the Japanese of Thousand Metre Hill. And there has been unreckoning courage on the German side from princes down to plumbers from field marshals to farmers. But the fact remains-it is a war of machines.

Machines in the air; machines under the surface of the water; armored machines that race the roads; machines called siege guns, that demolish the most ponderous fortifications; machines that are called bombs, and, exploding, poison with their gas whole trenches full of the enemy, arresting pose called death; it is all a matter of machinery. Suppose this last invention is "invention" indeed; that only shows that imagination itself sets itself practicing at mechanics. Much of the old-time glamour of war faded out of it when suits of mail and swords and lances were largely superseded by powder and ball. Today, men still come to close quarters-trench warfare has me forced that; they still spit one another on cold steel; but the principal weapons in their most deadly combats are machines that pump bullets across large distances. Death by machinery-yet the machine never created the life it destroys, nor can create. The joy of battle is fainter in this 20th century; not so much that we are so very much more civilized, but because there is in modern warfare less of romance than of "efficiency."

### Middling Cobbler, Good Cook And great martial poems are scarcely to be

looked for now, because even poets have come to understand the nature of modern war. They cannot read much hereism inte the work of the mine-layer, or the submarins that comes as a thief in the night; they fall to see the knightly chivalry of an airship attack on a city of hospitals and schools and churches and homes of working women whose husbands are shivering in bogs. trenches somewhere else. They cannot even hate their individual enemy in the good old way, for they know that he is merely a victim of his Government's misrepresentation exploitation, superior force. The soldier was is on the other side there is a middles cobbler, a fairly good cook, or possibly even a maker of flaxen-wigged dolls; one cannot hate him, one can only hate the mallar forces that have brought him into action of "Third Murderer." And without hating his how can your Homers strike their lyres comvincingly, today?

"I have never written love songs except when I loved: how, then, could I have write ten songs of hatred without hating?"

That is the way Goethe answered Ecksmann's question, when the German Bosnel asked why he had never written martial poetry a la Theodor Korner.

# "Give-a-Job" Movement

From the Springfield Republican. Philadelphia is taking up carnestly the "give a job" movement. If organization were a limb better perfected it would be easier to make whole job out of the fragments which a she many people in the same neighborhood except contribute.

When I am dead, my dearest. Sing no sad songs for me: Plant thou no roses at my head. He the green grass above me With showers and dewdrops wel And if they wilt, remember, And if they wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows.
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingsis
Sing on, as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight
That don't have rainestible.